Butterflies by brokenpromisesandhope

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: F/F
Language: English
Characters: Kali Prasad, Nancy Wheeler
Relationships: Kali Prasad/Nancy Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-10-07
Updated: 2018-10-07
Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:47:34
Rating: General Audiences
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,400
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Tumblr Prompt: "I had a date tonight with a girl I've been seeing and we were talking about tattoos and I mentioned wanting one of a bumblebee behind my ear and she stared at me for a second and then pulled back her hair and showed me a tattoo of a bumblebee behind her ear and lemme tell you if I didn't believe in soulmates before I sure as hell do now that's some next level shit."

Butterflies

Author's Note:

> So I think I just assumed if there was content that I wanted to see in the world, I had to write it myself, and here we fucking are fam. Y'all know you love this gay shit so please comment.
> xx
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To say Nancy is nervous would be a massive understatement. She's terrified. For several reasons really. One, she hasn't been on a date in a long time, if you can call driving around in her exes car a date. And she'd never been on a date with a girl. Certainly not one older than her, smarter than her, hotter than her, etc. Kali Prasad was in her women and gender studies class, and they'd gotten on from the beginning. Ever since the first day of class, when Kali had argued about the silencing of women of color, and Nancy had stared on, amazed.

Kali was twenty one, and a junior WGST and Psychology double major, with a minor in sociology. She was originally from England, and had relocated to New York when she was fifteen. It was no wonder how she was attending NYU with how smart and passionate she was. Not only that but Kali was unfairly gorgeous, so hipster that on anyone else it would look utterly ridiculous, but she owned every room she walked in to. She had long black hair, the front left side, shaved, the tips dyed a bright purple. She had long perfected winged eyeliner and had perfectly filled in brows. She wore an assortment of different bold lip colors, and had pairs of glasses she switched out too, each of them more cheesy than the next. She often looked the type of rugged, thrifty that just happened to also be runway chic and Nancy had no idea why the hell Kali would wanna date her.

Nancy was a freshman who'd just turned nineteen, and ran away to New York as her new beginning. However she'd got as far as giving herself front bangs and getting a needle shoved in her nose, which wasn't nearly enough. Her hair was still a mousy brown, and in desperate need of a cut, though she'd miss the assorted braids she

did. Her and her roommate had yet to hit the mall, so she was still struggling fashionably too, though she didn't really know if Tessa was the best person to help her with fashion, seeing as she was always trying to tear Nancy's shirts into a v-cut. Either way, she needed help.

She had no clue why Kali'd even taken interest in her. She was just a freshman English major, and of course she cared about social justice, she had a feminism sticker on her laptop, but the more Kali spoke up in class, the more terrified Nancy was that she was a white feminist. But she'd agreed to meet Kali, of course she had. She was beautiful and smart and charming and after her messy break up with Steve, she'd swore off dick for awhile. (Unless it was plastic.)

Anyway, she dresses as cute as she can manage, curls her hair and styles her bangs instead of sliding on a damn headbang, applies her mascara and blush and highlighter, painting her lips the same shade of pink as her dress. She wears a loose floral mini dress and flip flops, before grabbing her purse and heading to the coffee shop.
It's a place she's never heard of, right off campus, and she walks up slowly, hesitating at the door. It's probably only been a couple minutes of her internal debate, when she jumps as someone squeezes her waist, in a half hug,

"Nancy, what's up girl?" Kali asks, smiling wide.

She smells like cinnamon and vanilla, her hair is done in some intricate, yet messy twist, she's wearing big, clear plastic framed glasses, and a deep maroon lipstick. She looks amazing in a black ribbed crop top and high waisted jean shorts, wearing brown loafers on her feet.

"I'm good. You look amazing," Nancy says, feeling her face flush.

"Aw thank you. You too, I love your dress," she says, plucking the edge of the fabric of her dress.

She smiles and opens the door for Nancy. Nancy heads up to the counter, sweat gathering at the nape of her neck, and she stares at the menu. It's a hipster-y place with absurd drinks infused with mint and honey, etc.

“What’s good?” Nancy asks, nervously tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, and glancing up at Kali.

“Oh my gosh, my favorite is the lavender honey vanilla iced latte. Do you like sweet stuff?”

“Oh yes,” she nods.

“Perfect! You’ll love it!”

Kali easily orders them each a drink, and stills Nancy’s hand when it reaches in her purse. She produces a wallet from her back pocket,

“I’ve got it,”

Nancy opens her mouth to protest but Kali smiles, “No arguing!”

“Okay fine. I’ve got it next time.”

Kali smiles wider,

“You’ve got it next time.”

They take their iced drinks, which Nancy has to admit is fucking delicious, and find a table outside. Nancy doesn’t talk as much as she usually would. Her blood pressure is a bit high, she’s nervous, and Kali looks so beautiful, the sun bouncing off her beautiful brown skin. She talks animatedly about her goals, and her family. She sips her drink and talks animatedly with her hands, and it’s not long before they’re talking about their class and Kali’s going off about Kyle Platten, one of the only males in their class.

“He’s just so fucking entitled you know? Like we get it, you’re gay, but you’re still a white male. One of the only in this entire class, but yet he repeatedly tries to silence me, one of three women of color. It’s just disgusting.”

Nancy raises an eyebrow,

“You count people of color?”

“All people of color count.”

And that's that. Kali explains things so perfectly, that Nancy actually understands and doesn't feel dumb,

"You have good ideas," says Kali, "Why don't you ever talk in class?"

"I don't want to silence anyone else. I mean like, I probably don't have that much to say."

Kali looks at her like she's crazy,

"Aren't you from like bum-fuck USA?"

Nancy laughs at that,

"Hawkins, Indiana."

Kali wrinkles her nose,

"Aka lynchville. See, I'm telling you, I know they were sexist there."

Nancy nods,

"Yeah. Um, in high school, my ex thought I was cheating on him, so he vandalized the billboard in the town square and called me a slut."

Kali's mouth drops,

"You're fucking kidding me."

"Not at all. I thought my mom was gonna kill me."

Kali rolls her eyes,

"Not a feminist?"

"Oh fuck no. I had to show her how to mute me on Facebook because she kept getting annoyed. What about your family?"

Kali shoots her a look,

"Traditional Muslim family. Not getting a lot of support there."

"Is that why you're so passionate?" Nancy asks.

“I’m passionate because people always think they’re better than me. Which I mean, they may be, but not because they’re white and I’m Indian.”

“Makes sense. I just, like I care so much but I’m scared of silencing others, like you say.”

“I promise you’ll be fine, as long as you’re telling your story, and not someone else’s. Again, all people of color count, but if there’s no people of color there, that’s when they need an advocate.”

“Makes sense.”

Kali smiles,

“Okay, something lighter then. What’s your favorite tv show?”

“Law and Order SVU.”

“Spoken like a true social justice warrior.”

They continue back and forth for awhile, and Nancy realizes they have a lot in common. Nancy hopes they’ll get to do this again. Likes her so much.

“Okay, do you want any tattoos?”

Nancy nods eagerly,

“Yes, I’ve been saving up. I really want a butterfly on my hip.”

She thinks the idea is adorable, chic and pretty until Kali starts laughing. Like full body laughing.

“What?” Nancy asks, a bit clipped. She wasn’t expecting Kali to be so rude.

“Oh no, babe, shush, I,” She gets out between laughs.

Nancy glares and finally Kali stands up and pulls down the edge of her shorts. There, on her beautiful hipbone, is a tattoo of a butterfly. Nancy busts out laughing, staring in awe,

“This means we’ve got to go on a second date right?” Kali asks, pulling her shorts back up and sitting down.

“Oh hell yes,” says Nancy smiling.

Kali kicks her gently under the table,

“Your treat.”

Nancy watches as Kali plays with her straw with her pink tongue,

“My treat.”